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*Spencer's Sacred*  
**POEMS**



# SPENCEER'S SACRED POEMS

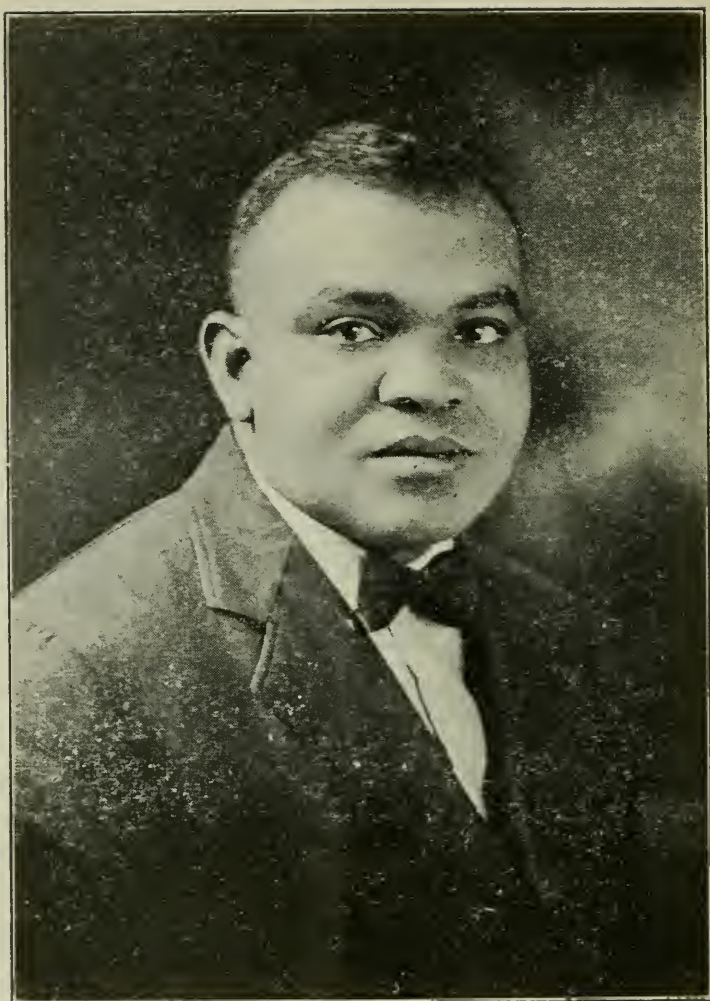
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BY

JAMES TEDWELL SPENCER.

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# *Spencer's Sacred Poems*

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## **A LITTLE SUNSHINE GO EVERYWHERE**

I am looking forward to a brighter day,  
For the sun must shine along life's way,  
Though rugged as my path may be,  
Yet there's a little sunshine for me.  
A little here, a little there,  
A little sunshine here and there,  
Oh, a little sunshine go everywhere.

Yes I am looking forward to a brighter day,  
How dark is the path along life's way,  
No face smiles upon me each day,  
No sun to shine along my way,  
Ah, but there will come a time,  
You know, some day when the sun will shine,  
A little here, and a little there,  
A little sunshine here and there,  
Oh, a little sunshine go everywhere.

And my days are dark and dreary,  
And there's no sunshine in my path,  
But a brighter day is coming,  
When the sun will shine at last.  
A little here, a little there,  
A little sunshine here and there,  
Oh, a little sunshine go everywhere.

And still, I am looking forward  
To a brighter day,  
When the shadow of darkness will pass away,  
And bring sunlight in my path each day.  
A little here and a little there,  
A little sunshine here and there,  
Oh, a little sunshine go everywhere.

## A CALL TO ARMS

Good bye, Mothers, good bye,  
Don't cry, mothers, don't cry.  
For we're all not going to die,  
For in our uniform of brown,  
We will mow the Germans down,  
And in our uniform of blue,  
Then we'll come back to you.

So good bye, mother and darling.  
We must leave today,  
But we're all not going to stay,  
Since we must go and take a chance,  
We will all not die in France,  
We're going away to fight, you see,  
We're fighting for our country so brave,  
We're fighting for the world-wide democracy  
And to save our people from the grave.

So good bye, one and all,  
Uncle Sam has made the call,  
And the Negro is no slacker at all,  
Give the Negro man a chance,  
And we'll save America and France,  
We'll get the Kaiser in a trap,  
And we'll wipe the Germans off the map,  
We'll save England and Russia, too,  
And Japan as she stands,  
But we'll take the German land.

Although the Kaiser, called the beast of Berlin,  
And a mighty beast is he,  
But land the Afro-Americans across,  
And you will see  
And we'll make him take a tree,  
We'll block his submarine warfare,  
And we'll chase his airplanes down,  
Then we'll get old Kaiser,  
And take the Berlin town.



MOTHER'S PRAYER TAUGHT ME TO  
BE A MAN

I roamed this wide world over and over,  
I've roamed it through and through,  
I've wasted all my time you see,  
And there is no chance for me,  
And at night when I lie down to sleep,  
I can hear the voice of Mother creep,  
I can hear the voice of Mother say:  
"Oh, Lord, my son has gone astray,  
Keep him safe day by day,  
And let him not forget to pray,  
Guide him safely through this land,  
Until he learns to be a man."

Though mother is gone now, boys, to stay,  
And perhaps some day you will be this way,  
No one will love you as mother has loved,  
No one will cheer you as mother has cheered,  
No one will see for you as mother has seen,  
No one will be by you as mother has been,  
No one will go as far for you as mother has gone,  
No one will do what mother has done.

So I am going away to school to learn,  
And try to be a man,  
I will learn to be, and learn to do,  
That which God commands.  
I will toil and labor day and night,  
To do that which is right,  
I will do all in my power I can,  
To stop some gambling man.  
Oh, Lord, I am down upon bended knees,  
Sending prayers up to thee,

Oh, Lord, teach me all the things I ought to  
know,  
To help the widow and the poor,  
And to lead the orphans to the throne of grace,  
That they might take some great man's place,

But listen to my plea, today,  
To all mankind, I've learned to say:  
"Lift up your voices, sing and pray,  
Turn thanks to God day by day,  
Be humble, humble, all the way,  
And learn to do that which God say,  
For humble is the only way."

Ah, listen, there is a church-bell ring,  
Who will come and he'p me sing?  
A poor man stood there day by day,  
Said, "I would go and sing and pray,  
But the rich man seems to turn me away,  
Is it because I am poor and can't dress swell?  
Must I be cast down to Hell?"  
Lift up your head! Poor man, don't cry,  
Some day you'll reach the Heavenly sky,  
Lift up your head, poor man, be brave,  
Remember that you have a soul to save,

Thank God! I am glad He has fixed it so  
The rich must die as well as the poor,  
And beneath the tomb in an icy grave,  
Once upon a time did Jesus lay,  
And around his grave the Jews did stay,  
But the angels rolled the stone away,  
And He bore the pains upon the cross,  
To save that which would be lost,  
He died upon Mt. Calvary  
That you and I might be set free.

So I've learned it, boys; and I've learned it well,  
To be a man if I don't dress well,  
To be a man, it means in life,  
To lead some poor sinner up to Christ,  
To be a man it means each day,  
To humble down upon knees to pray,  
And above the skies and a lovely place,  
Jesus has prepared us a resting place,  
If we learn his word and do His will,  
And keep his Commandments, he love us still.



And onward, as I journey through life,  
I've learned to trust in Jesus Christ,  
Learning to love him more each day,  
Learning to trust him all the way,  
Learning to hold my hand in his,  
And wipe from my cheeks the briny tears.  
Learning to see, as he would have me to see,  
Learning to be, as He would have me to be,  
Learning to go where He would have me to go,  
Learning to know, that he'd have me to know.

And I love Him, yes, I love Him,  
Oh, I loved Him long ago,  
For He first loved me, you know.  
Ah, but I can remember, a long, long time ago,  
When Mother used to teach me so,  
But she's gone, she's gone; my God, she's gone!  
She's gone to the Holy Land,  
And before she left, in her prayers, she said:  
"Son, will you be a man?"  
Lord, all my days on earth shall be,  
To live and save a soul for thee.

Dear Lord, lend me a helping hand,  
That I may someday be a man,  
No Mother and Father have I you see,  
No Mother now, to pray for me,  
But when I used to roam this land,  
Mother's prayers taught me to be a man.  
Night and day, she would kneel and pray,  
And ask the Lord to keep me safe each day;  
Although he is blind and cannot see,  
Please bring him home safe to me,  
Lord, he is weak and cannot stand;  
But teach him how to be a man.

Now listen, boys, listen well,  
To you-all I have a story to tell,  
I will tell you-all today the reason that I went  
astray;

Ah, but think of the men have gone that way,  
For the love of a girl whom you-all know well,  
I loved her better than anyone can tell,  
She stole all the love I ever had,  
Turning me away, oh, how sad!  
And as we passed through the strtees one day,  
A beautiful, curly-haired boy we meets,  
To me she asked, "Who may he be? Oh, such  
beautiful curls has he!  
And his eyes as blue as the sky above,

Oh, I wonder who does he love?"  
To her I turned with great surprise,  
And to her then I replied:  
"A friend of mine is all you see,  
Oh darling, why ask of him to me?"  
But as I entered my home one day,  
My friend had stolen my darling away,  
And left me in this world alone,  
For years and years I roamed,  
And I roamed this wide world over and over,  
I roamed it day by day,  
But Mother's prayers followed me all the way,  
And taught me that I must learn to pray.

And after I had learned to pray,  
I returned to my home one day,  
But death had stolen my Mother away,  
And carried her to the land on High,  
A land that is prepared for you and I,  
But, Oh, God, help me, I pray!  
As I journey on my way,  
Each day while traveling through this land,  
Help me, Lord, to be a man.  
O yes, the gospel train is coming,  
And it is coming by and by,  
And it behoves you and I,  
To not let it pass us by.

And when I reach the Heavenly shore,  
Mother will be waiting for me, I know.  
When I reach the Land on High,  
I will live forever, and never die.  
Yes, but before we enter there,  
We will dwell with Christ in the midair,  
Then we will ascend above the throne,  
Just those who have been born.  
Then I can rejoice in the Heavenly Land,  
Mother's prayers taught me to be a man.

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### I WANT TO BE A STAR

Oh, I want to be as a star,  
That shines forth a ray of light.  
I want to live for Jesus, both day and night.  
Yes I want to be as a star,  
That twinkles in the sky.  
I want to help someone as I am passing by,  
For I am just in town today,

Just passing through this way,  
Perhaps I can help you on your way,  
To follow Jesus, day by day.  
To follow him, you will find it bright.  
If you will follow him day and night,  
To follow him you will find it well,  
And He will save you from a burning hell,  
It saved me a long time ago,  
It saved our Mothers and Fathers, you know,  
And it will save you as well as I.  
Some day when you must die.

Yes, I want to be as a star,  
That shineth from above,  
I want to live for Jesus,  
And Him I only love.

I love Him! yes, I love Him,  
Because He first loved me,  
For He died on Calvary,  
To save the world you see.

For the night brings out the glittering stars,  
And the sunrise drives them away,  
For Jesus bore His burdens, you see, in the  
heat of the day,  
And with His Cross upon His shoulder,  
They pierced Him in the side,  
Ah, listen! The hammer was ringing,  
The Lord is crucified.

And they crucified my Savior,  
And nailed Him to the Cross,  
Yes, but he bore the pains,  
That this world would not be lost.  
So shine on, bright and morning star,  
Until the sunrise drive you away,  
And find some poor sinner trying to learn to  
pray.

And still, I want to be as a star,  
A bright and morning star,  
Then I can shine for Jesus,  
At noonday and at night,  
Oh, I can shine for Jesus,  
You see both day and night,  
For Jesus paid it all,  
And all to Him I owe,  
So I will shine for Jesus,  
Everywhere I go.

## SOME MOTHER MUST LOSE A SON

Oh, I come to tell you goodbye, mother,  
Don't hang your head and cry,  
For if the war is ever won,  
Some mother must lose a son.

Some wife must lose a husband,  
Some girl must lose a beaux,  
For Uncle Sam is calling,  
And now we've got to go,  
So place your arms around me, mother,  
And kiss me once goodbye,  
Then wipe away your tears,  
And pray that I'll not die.

Oh, listen, mother; listen!  
Can't you hear the call?  
Oh, perhaps it's an angel,  
Have come to guide us all,  
So now I must leave you, mother,  
Don't worry your time away;  
But pray that I'll return  
Back to Old Glory, some day.

Somewhere in France I must go,  
Just where I cannot say,  
But I am going to pray, that  
I'll come home some day.  
Some mother's son must go,  
But how, we do not know,  
Some will go down in mid-ocean,  
Some above in the air,  
Some will go down in the trenches,  
But the Lord is everywhere.

Some mother's son must go, you see,  
And fight for his liberty,  
Some mother's son must die,  
And he, she will never see.

**I AM LOOKING FOR A HOME**

Oh, I am looking for a home,  
That's far beyond the skies,  
I am looking for a home,  
To enter when I die.

Come walk with me out in the yard,  
And sit down by my side,  
Then tell me of a Home that's far beyond  
the skies,  
It's there, it's there,  
It's there I know; oh, for the Bible tells me  
so,  
It's there, it's there, I am sure  
It's there, and some day I want to go.

Yes, I am looking for a Home,  
A home you all know well,  
I am looking for a Home where the Savior  
dwells,  
For it's a Home above,  
And a Hell below,  
But the Home above is where I am look-  
ing to go.

But supposen, oh, supposen,  
I would meet my mother there,  
What a glorious time we would have sail-  
ing through midair,  
And we could walk the golden streets,  
And shout around the Throne,  
Oh, how I would rejoice over looking for  
a home.

And still, I am looking for a home,  
A Home above you see,  
I am looking for a Home the Lord prepared  
for me;  
For He made a home, a long time ago,  
He made the earth and Heaven you know.



He made a home above you see,  
A home that will be so dear to me.  
And my home is in the Kingdom,  
Yes, my home is on high,  
And that's the home I will enter,  
Some day, when I die.

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### WHAT A FRIEND IS JESUS

What a friend we find in Jesus,  
He will guide us along the way,  
He will keep us from all danger,  
And neither let us go astray,  
Savior, lead us, gently lead us,  
Land us safe on Caanan's side,  
Be our guide and protection daily,  
Keep us ever by Thy side.

What a friend we find in Jesus,  
No one else like Him we know,  
No one else like Him you see,  
That ever loved us so.  
So let us put our trust in Jesus,  
Our hopes, our aims and our fears,  
Then he will come in a time of need,  
And wipe away our briny tears.  
But, Savior, I know we sometimes grieve Thee,  
But still by us thou will stay,  
And we're pleading to you, Heavenly Father,  
To spare us just a few more days.

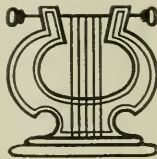
What a friend we find in Jesus,  
He died that we might live;  
First took upon himself a burden,  
And bore it up Golgotha's hill,  
He bore it here, and he bore it there,  
He bore the burdens everywhere.

But He was born in a lowly manger,  
And wrapped in swaddling cloth,  
But the heaviest burden he ever bore,  
Was upon the Cross.  
And there He suffered, bled and died,  
And paid the debt for you and I,  
That we may dwell above, on high,  
In that Mansion beyond the skies.

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In all your beings, be humble,  
In all your doings, do well,  
In all your loving, love Jesus,  
And teach others to love Him as well.

—"Spencer."



## IT'S MOTHER'S FAULT AND NOT MINE

Upon the gallows some day,  
There is a penalty that I must pay.  
For the sentence that now hangs over my head,  
Ah, but some mother's son is dead,  
And I am charged with murder  
In the first degree,  
And I guess you-all can see,  
I am guilty; oh, yes, I committed the crime;  
But it's mother's fault and not mine.

For years and years have passed away,  
And I've never heard my mother pray,  
For in the streets she let me roam all day,  
And taught me to gamble for my way,  
She led me away from the church house door,  
It's an awful shame, misery and woe,  
She never taught me day or night,  
To do anything you see that's right,

She led me down from love and light,  
From all that made my pathway bright,  
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight, a murdering child,  
So in my heart grew murder,  
In my mind, unkind,  
For I never had a mother to teach me at any time.  
That's why I'm charged with murder,  
And I am guilty; oh, yes, I committed the crime,  
But it's mother's fault and not mine.

For she placed a weapon in my hand,  
And I took the life of an innocent man,  
But I said to the judge and jury,  
Before the sentence was passed,  
Before you render your verdict,  
Oh give me another chance;  
But he turned to me and he murmured,











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